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# POEMS AND ODES

BY

LAURENCE GIFFORD HOLLAND.



Privately Printed

BY

WATSON & HAZELL, LONDON AND AYLESBURY.

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1875.



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# POEMS AND ODES.

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## Poems.

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### THE SPECTRAL MARCH.

A LEGEND OF THE LAKES.

*Time*—1745.

#### DEDICATION.

To E.

ELSIE ! the sun is shining on the hill  
That shelters thy fair home beneath his brow ;  
I feel the gentle lake is rippling still,  
And thou art feasting on its quiet now.  
Land of wild beauty ! swift thy scenes did fly  
From tranced eyes, that seem to wake again ;  
Or have I wandered as in days gone by  
Through fairy paths, like Knight of Triermaine ?

Elsie ! There is a charm remembrance weaves  
Dearer for this—it never may return,  
Like the bright colours of autumnal leaves,  
Like the last hues that linger on the fern :  
So have I caught this vision of the past,  
Borne as the voice which haunts the mountain Fell,  
An echo from the torrents—and the last  
Regretful note was breathed in thy farewell :  
Then—as thine eyes may glance upon this tale,  
Our thoughts—perchance our sighs—may meet at  
Grassmere Vale.

---

## I.

Sir Beaumont de Brathay will forth to-night,  
And he tells not where he roam ;  
With gloom on his brow—yet his eyes are bright,  
“ O whither away from home ? ”  
No word from his lips shall his hopes unfold,  
But a glance of impatient speed,  
For he must away ere the noon be old,  
’Tis a race ’twixt sunlight and steed !  
“ Whither so fast ? ” still no answer he gave,  
Nor checked his bold courser’s career.  
Only he turned with a light-hearted wave,  
On the banks of Windermere.  
“ I fear me some ill awaiteth the race,  
And the heir of Brathay Hall,

I liked not his mien—I liked not his pace,  
And I heard the Crier's \* call  
Last night as the tempest scattered the leaves  
Over my lattice and under the eaves :  
Startled I woke at its echoing shrill  
'Cross the lone waters, till sunk 'neath the hill,  
And thou know'st 'tis death to list to his cry,"  
Quoth the old steward as his lord flew by.

II.

But whilst old Adam stood aghast  
The Brathay's stream beside,  
Winandermere thy meads are passed  
Upon that lonely ride.  
Away ! away ! by mount and fell  
The mystic vale to find ;  
But hark !—he starts—for down the dell  
There soundeth hoofs behind.  
His horse too swerved, though no one near,  
And pricked his ears on high ;  
Was it the wind on Rydal Mere ?  
Was it the rushes' sigh ?  
A sudden tremor ran along,  
His hand one moment shook,  
A thousand tales unbidden throng  
His thoughts—he dared not look.

\* "The Crier of Windermere," *v. Old Cumberland Legends*,  
see note 2.

*The Spectral March.*

Each rustling bough his fancies shape  
A skeleton's outstretched arm,  
Waved from 'neath a shadowy cape—  
Strange and fantastic alarm!  
Yet still that sound of two who ride,  
At the spirit's silent call,  
Steeds of no mortal birth astride,  
To the feast of *Armboth Hall*.<sup>\*</sup>  
"Ho! ho!" Their hollow laugh alone  
Hath hushed all other sound;  
The fleshless forms of skull and bone  
Must course again their round.  
Away! brave Bayard, start no more!  
The wind is taint with breath  
Of fiends who ride to Thirlemere's shore,  
Away! their chill is death.  
As sweeps the storm on *Easedale's breast*,<sup>†</sup>  
As thunder o'er Nab Scar,  
Those phantom shadows of unrest  
Arise from caves afar.  
From haunted glen and darksome ghyll,  
Helm's Crag and Mickledore,  
From giant Pyke, and brackish rill,  
They tramp the earth once more.  
Away! where Rothay late o'erran  
Sweet Grassmere's lowly vale,

<sup>\*</sup> See *Cumberland Legends*, "Skeletons of Colgarth Hall."  
See note 3.

<sup>†</sup> See note 4.



Till far behind *Helvellyn man* \*  
Is reared against the gale.  
'Tis past! The lights of dreaded Hall  
Shine faintly o'er the lake,  
While from their brows that cold-damp thrall  
Both horse and rider shake.

III.

A lurid light hangs o'er the sky,  
The range of mountains seemed  
Shrouded in twilight, still more high,  
As sunset nearer gleamed.  
Slower, to cool his heated brain,  
Sir Beaumont checked his pace,  
Yet bowed in thought he loosed the rein,  
And mused upon the chase,  
Where he was as the stag,—the hounds,  
Those phantoms of the air;  
But all is still,—no step rebounds  
From forth the shadow's lair.  
The hour has come to enter now  
St. John's enchanted vale,  
Where dwells on steep ascending brow,  
The Seer, Michael Dale.  
Yea!—'twas the calm that ushers best  
The soul's secluded dreams,  
When earth prepares to sink to rest,  
Yet clings to heaven's pure beams:

\* See note 5.

And who can ever paint their glow  
Who ne'er ascends to gain  
Th' unruffled peace of vales below,  
Locked in a mountain's chain?

## IV.

Now Bayard lodged in hostel near,  
Is resting from his toil;  
The path to hermit's cell lies here,  
With many a winding coil,  
Till lost amid the torrent's bed,  
Where the wild chaos overhead  
Hath hurled each shattered fragment down,  
That dared to brave the tempest's frown.  
From rock to rock young Beaumont sped;  
Till to the spot seclusion found,  
To hide its grief in thought profound,  
Betraying feet of shepherds led.  
There by his rustic bench—a stone  
Wreathed with red fern—the old man stood,  
In pensive yet expectant mood,  
And keenly watched the path alone.

## V.

O what a noble view displayed!  
Misshapen crags and boulders lay,  
Heaped in a wild discordant way,  
Yet all a harmony obeyed.

'Mid varied scene no link was lost  
To fill the void where eye could trace  
Some blot, which might have marred their grace.  
Ranges that weird confusion crost  
Only to add a charm more deep,  
When from each spur to peak the gaze  
Grows dim beneath the golden rays,  
Which set a crown on yonder steep ;  
Spirit of twilight, linger now,  
For thou hast touch'd Blencathra's brow !

## VI.

Then, as the Knight approaching bade  
“ God speed,” the seer slowly rose,  
And pointing down the silent glade,  
Where Greta's silver offspring flows.  
“ These are my comrades in the hour  
When hope seems vanished with the sun,  
When gloomy doubt or griefs o'erpower ;  
When still the web of life is spun  
With many tangled threads of woe ;  
When cheeks are pale as driven snow :  
Then comfort lingers on the hill,  
And pours from purple cloud her balm ;  
Drinks then my soul from yon sweet rill  
A dear relief—a perfect calm.  
Ah ! many a chill and bitter groan,  
Thou know'st not of—if ne'er alone !

I too—ah well!—once loved and yearned  
For nobler life, for higher aim,  
And oft those laden thoughts returned,  
Burdening till years one blank became.  
Oft have I longed for some dear smile  
Once more my weary days beguile,  
And only this worn seat hath known  
What hours have left me—*still alone!*”

## VII.

“ I sent for thee this night to tell  
The signs and omens overcast  
By yonder clouds o’er Nathdale Fell,  
Pregnant with issues from the Past.  
For, ere the sun hath stooped to-night,  
Thou’lt read perchance thy future doom,  
For if the stars have told aright,  
The eve is fraught with death and gloom.  
Aye! ’twas just when Autumn, creeping  
With its reddening twilight by,  
Tinges o’er the forest, reaping  
Crests of trees still loth to die;  
When the fleecy clouds, escaping  
From the coming clasp of night,  
Clung round peak and headland, shaping  
Strange and wizened forms of white;—  
’Twas such an eve, ten summers gone,  
Gazing down the pass, as now,

Watched I long one star alone,  
Risen o'er Blencathra's brow.  
Sudden, as a sunbeam, dying,  
Caught the precipice below,  
Darted stag, from hunter flying,  
From a cleft within the glow.  
Only one lone rider followed,  
And I marked his headlong speed,  
To his hounds ne'er turned nor hallooed—  
Silent, on a snow-white steed.  
Ne'er he stayed for torrent streaming,  
Paused not for the deepest dell,  
Till I thought mine eyes were dreaming—  
Who could ride from Souther Fell?  
Who could thus in venture fearless  
Course the hill without a track,  
Crossing there, all lone and cheerless,  
Darkest gorge of *Saddleback*? \*  
One more chasm,—Heav'n defend him!  
For the stag hath bounded o'er;—  
He waits one moment on the brim,  
Leaps—and falls—I saw no more.  
Then with lights and ladders guiding  
Up the heights I led them all;  
Searched in vain each nook and hiding;  
Not a trace of that wild fall.  
Stag—nor steed—nor rider found there,  
Not a hoof-mark on the heath,

\* *i.e.* Blencathra.

Vain were all our shoutings—nowhere  
Answered voice or groan beneath.  
Backward then we hastened, fearing  
That some evil fate had sped,  
And when this still valley nearing  
Came the news—thy sire was dead :  
Aye ! and death like that—Forgive me  
That my tale hath brought thee pain,  
'Twas strange—O heavens ! as I live—See !  
See ! he seems to ride again.”

## VIII.

Yes ! a horseman surely prancing  
As the bard had told of yore,  
On the rocks ; where sunlight glancing  
Lingered yet ; and showed still more !  
Horse and foot,—the sporran wearing,  
Broadsword bared in war's array ;  
Sudden, like a serpent rearing  
Coil on coil they wound their way.  
Darkness all around, and thunder,  
Lurking in the clouds below,  
Served to light that living wonder  
Flashing from the last weird glow.  
Troop on troop in gallant splendour,  
Marching—where no feet could tread,  
Souther, Bowscale Tarn surrender  
All their terrors as they sped.

Down the steep the flocks fled bleating,  
Checked not by the collies' bound,  
Who—without their wonted greeting—  
Crouched, or trembling slunk around :  
While their masters gathered staring,  
With no word from man to man.  
Haggard faces grimly bearing,  
Whilst a sort of murmur ran,  
“ Heard ye not the bagpipe screaming ?  
Heard ye not the roll of drum ? ”  
“ No ! but where the sun is gleaming  
O'er the pass I saw them come.  
Saw the chieftain's banner waving,  
Marked the tartan's chequered fold,  
Wondered at their horses braving  
Cliff and gorge and crater's hold.”  
“ What undaunted hearts are marching  
Where no Cumbrian dared before,  
By the fallen stones o'erarching  
Torrents wilder than Lodore ?  
What are these, the Highland foemen ?  
What are these, the Stuart's band ?  
Heath with ensign interwoven  
Glittering from a rebel's hand ? ”  
Still they wind from Troutbeck's water,  
Still they flow from Derwent's side,  
Thirsting for revenge and slaughter,  
Marching with a conqueror's pride.

## IX.

First a prickly show of lances,  
Fearless vanguard of the clan,  
From the deep ravine advances,  
While their glittering pennons fan  
Breath to kindle martial glory,  
Floating o'er each gallant file,  
Crimsoned as with vengeance gory  
Wreaked in scorn of stout Carlisle.  
See! against the forest shining  
Plume and bonnet, kilt and plaid,  
Fainter now for day declining,  
With a pall of mist o'erlaid,  
Sinks into a hearse of mountains,  
Closing in their darksome line,  
While the streams from secret fountains  
With their mournful dirge repine,  
Still fresh forces ever moving  
Follow those who disappear,  
While their leaders seem reproving  
Laggard footsteps in the rear.  
Aye! a host in battle order,  
Breasts impatient for the fray,  
Pouring from the Scottish Border—  
'Tis their Prince who leads the way!  
O what stirring charms enlighten  
Hues that wreath the front of war!  
Gleaming o'er the hills to brighten  
Homes in trembling pride afar.



Glory beckons to the altar  
Where a patriot's heart is vowed ;  
What faint breast—thus decked—can falter !  
To her gilded service bowed,  
With the thrill of trumpet ringing :  
Strange it seems so silent there.  
Listen ! winds may yet be bringing  
Some far notes—nay ! still the air ;  
Nor rumbling car, nor tramp of feet  
Sounds from that ghostly show ;  
But still, as if Death's winding sheet  
Already laid them low.  
And now the darkness seems to blend  
Those streaming ranks of light,  
That ne'er to Threlkeld's Hall descend,—  
Lost in the shroud of Night !

x.

“ Let me join them,” cried Sir Beaumont,  
“ Let me fly to yonder force !  
All my heart is beating towards them—  
Men or ghosts ! To horse ! To horse ! ”  
He starts—the seer biddeth “ Stay,  
Frenzy-madness thus should speak,  
Wouldst thou ride to phantom armies ?  
See ! the blood hath left my cheek,  
And not mine alone—your hand too  
Trembles 'neath some unknown spell ;

See ! the coward shepherd crouches,  
Muttering charms in yonder dell.  
See ! the cattle herd together,  
Hear the startled infant's cry ;  
Stands aghast the cotter breathless,  
All afeard—yet scarce knows why.  
Go not ! 'twas an awsome vision,  
'Twas a warning note of harm ;  
Stay and hear me, for the spirit  
Bodeth now some dread alarm."

## XI.

As he spake, the whirlwind rushing  
'Mid the roll of thunder shocks,  
Swept across the pathway, brushing  
Michael's long snow-waving locks.  
Nerve and pulse were stirred—eyes glaring,  
Seemed he prophet of the wild,  
Till the stricken knight upstaring  
Could but listen like a child.  
Now was every valley round them,  
Wrapped by mantling hand of fate,  
Stretching o'er the heights that bound them,  
Silver How to Ormathwaite.  
On th' horizon regal Skiddaw  
Reared his head above the rest,  
While rampart Pyke and towering Scaw  
Guard lone empire in the West.

There—where crag, with forest changes,  
Guardians of the cleft ravine,  
Or where graceful upland ranges  
Hid the chasm—nought was seen.  
Darkness hung on tree and meadow,  
Through the narrow pass—a storm  
Breaking from the mountain shadow  
Lit the aged séer's form.  
First in tones that feebly striving  
Sunk upon the blast unheard ;  
Till, the roar of winds subsiding,  
Dying gusts bore out his words.

XII.

“ Wraiths of heroes marching silent,  
These forebode the soldier's bier,  
Fading in abyss of mountains,  
Where no mortal eye may peer.  
Yea ! their very shadow sendeth  
Chill forewarnings of dismay :  
'Tis the outward sign that bendeth  
To the voice which all obey ;  
Voice of riven spheres, where storm-clouds,  
Omens of hereafter, roll ;  
Voice of spirit forms new risen !  
Voice of Nature and the Soul !  
One life-breathing note hath sounded,  
One stern Voice its cursē hath hurled ;

One redeeming Light of Heaven  
Bindeth mortal to the World.  
Thence the deep revealings flutter  
Ghostly, grimly through the glen,  
Lake and woodland vale o'erteeming  
With the coming doom of men.  
What are we but Nature's vassals?  
Trembling when her breast is stirred,  
Or in lovelike rapture living  
On the music of her word.  
Hues of sunset! voice of torrents!  
Ye are gods, as well as we,  
For a little while in passing  
To the dim eternal sea.  
Shall the breath which floats between us,  
Shall the bonds of love be vain?  
Though we grow in life together,  
Shall we never meet again?  
Yea! for these frail spirit visions  
Are the promise of new birth,  
In more golden twilight shining  
With the hopes stillborn on earth.  
Aye! I feel these phantom shadows  
O'er the pass will gleam again,  
With thine own brave spirit gathered  
In the mysteries of—then."

## XIII.

"Woe to all the race of Stuart!  
Woe to Scotland's sons who brave

Cumbria's lordly wrath, advancing  
From their Highlands to their grave.  
With thy horsemen Death is riding,  
Last of most ill-fated line,  
Derwent-Tweed in grief o'erflowing,  
Mingled streams of blood entwine.  
Woe to all the hearths of mourning,  
Who have bid 'God speed' to those  
Sworn to right Queen Mary's offspring,  
Scion of a Martyr's\* woes!  
Fired with all that hope allures with—  
All the nobler dreams of life,  
Youth and stalwart age combining  
Greet th' infectious call to strife.  
Mother! draw thy son towards you,  
As you never clasped before,  
Kiss his brow, for unreturning  
He shall tread the heath no more.  
Widowed bride! who watched thy chieftain  
Gaily turn to hide a tear;  
Thou hast given all to Scotland;  
Welcome home his honoured bier.  
From th' ancestral glen of beauty  
March the sons of warlike race,  
Prompt to hear the call of duty,  
Fierce to meet the steels embrace.  
Last of knighthood's proudest glory!  
Last of feudal love of King!

\* Charles I.

Fitly end those ages hoary  
With the deathless deeds they sing.  
Cold rebuffs and colder glances  
Strike th' enthusiast's glowing heart,  
And the only ray which crowns him  
Shines—when soul and body part.  
Thou too, Knight, whose blade is leaping  
From its tingling sheath half bare,  
See! what fields grim war is reaping—  
Beaumont de Brathay, thou art there!"

---

From that night of mystic vision  
Scarce a year had rolled away,  
Michael Dale, as if still sleeping,  
In his lonely cottage lay.  
For a simple herdsman found him  
On his wonted seat of old,  
Marked his drooping head—and touching  
Dropped his hand—for it was cold.  
Mourn, Brathay Hall! old Adam, mourn!  
Watching for return of day,  
That is long in coming—darkness  
Dwells upon the house for aye!  
There, with hand yet round the banner  
He had given life to save,  
Lies your lord, where desperate valour  
Sought and found a common grave.  
Dying for his King's lost honour  
He has fought and bled in vain,

Smiled upon by scornful mountains,  
Heights he never may regain.  
There the heart of youth lies breathless ;  
While a stain is on the sod,  
Purple as the heath that crowned him  
With the face upturned to God.

FINIS.

*November 4, 1874.*

---

NOTES.

1.—The Spectral March over Saddleback (or Blencathra) is mentioned by Miss Martineau. Though the characters and story of this poem are imaginary, such a vision was actually seen by several persons before the rebellion in 1745 ; as also an army was seen marching over Helvellyn before Marston Moor (*vide* Wordsworth). I have only taken the popular tradition in making such wraiths as these the forerunners of death to the spectator.

2.—“The Crier’s call.”—The Crier of Windermere was a phantom that used to be heard calling across the water for “A boat ! a boat !” and when the ferryman went, in obedience to the supposed traveller, he returned but to die, with a face whose horror alone depicted what he had met with on the other side, for he never spoke again. It was continually heard on stormy nights hailing the “ferry.”

3.—“Armboth Hall.”—This hall, on the shore of Thirlmere, was often seen mysteriously lit up on certain nights, when the goblins held their revels. The skeletons of Calgarth Hall, on Windermere, were those of two who had been cruelly and unjustly executed for the sake of their lands by the lord of Calgarth. Their skulls for ever remained in the niche of the

windows, except when they were reclaimed by the skeletons at the unearthly summons to attend the Armboth feast.

4.—“Easedale’s breast.”—Easedale Tarn is a small mountain lake about two miles from Grassmere.

5.—“Helvellyn Man.”—Man is the name for the top of any mountain, as The Old Man, Skiddaw Man, etc.

---

## MARINA.

### A DIALOGUE.

SCENE—*A chamber.*

LORENZO—(*solus*)  
(*loquitur*)

[*Storm without.*

“THERE’S a lighter touch than feeling,  
 There’s a further view than sight,  
 When the evening bells are pealing,  
 And a song rings through the night.  
 There’s a presence none descrieth,  
 Which rustles behind my chair—  
 There’s a whisper that low dieth;  
 Come in! for I know thou’rt there.  
 Come in! for the winds without, love,  
 Are scattering death around,  
 Waking the silent street; above  
 Their wild blasts I heard the sound,  
 As a step beside the doorway  
 That feareth to enter in,



Whilst a cloud my forehead wore ; say  
 What peace thou bringest within.  
 (*Spirit of Marina appears.*)

'Tis a shipwrecked soul that straying  
 All along the world's rough way,  
 Had launched on the ocean—playing  
 With a human heart for prey.  
 Yet the wave hath eased thy sorrow  
 From the thought of those afar,  
 And thou com'st to bid “ Good morrow ”  
 To the life beyond the star !

(*Marina whispers.*)

Thou comest to say the billow  
 No longer did roar so loud,  
 And thy deep, deep sea-blue pillow  
 Was tenderer than a shroud.  
 Thou sayest the storm-clouds thunder—  
 The rending of mast and sail—  
 Was unheard amidst the wonder,  
 At the land beneath the gale.”

MARINA.

“ There sleep was endless ; lullabies  
 From the breasts of sounding shells  
 Hymn to the flutt'ring soul that lies  
 Where the pearl of beauty dwells—  
 Where eternal rest is lightened  
 By the *babbling dreams* \* of the Past—

\* “ Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls.”

*Richard III., Act v.*

Where remembrance is full brightened,  
For there no regrets o'ercast :  
There the azure waves were mingling  
With the voices of—Elsewhere ;  
And the old, old chimes were jingling  
From the belfries of the air.  
There the music of youthful years  
Was poured from a rock's caved lair,  
Whose melody *sang not of tears,\**  
Till I felt a god was there.  
The pure embrace of a spirit,  
Borne on white lips of the foam,  
Drove pain from the eyes that were lit  
With the glistening thought of home."

LORENZO.

"Didst weep for that love which was thine,  
In those days of girl and boy?"

MARINA.

"Oh, no ! for that kiss was divine,  
And Heaven can breathe but joy."

LORENZO.

"Marina ! Remember the days  
You would stay in yonder glen,

\* "Our sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest  
thought."  
*Shelley.*

Waiting long for the twilight rays  
To flit over my path. Ah, then !  
When the branches of elms o'erhead  
With dirge of our sighs bewailed."

## MARINA.

"Aye ! Memory gleamed o'er my bed  
With smiles of deep love unveiled ;  
No longer darkened by shadows  
Of bitterness—shunned in vain ;  
No thought of clouds o'er the meadows—  
Omen of parting in pain.  
No ! but on halo of brightness  
Shed o'er the scenes that we knew,  
She sails with ineffable lightness,  
Our earthly loves to renew."

## LORENZO.

"Marina ! Remember the hills—  
The rays of the sunset there,  
Which, gaily reluming the rills  
Seemed in our pleasure to share.  
Did not the vows that we plighted  
Come back o'er that lonely deep ?  
Did not the looks that you slighted  
Break on those visions of sleep ?"

## MARINA.

"Oh, no ! yet the light of those eves—  
The glow that we used to feel—

New reaped in a harvest of sheaves,  
Sun-rays of Heaven reveal.  
That throbbing which revelled in light—  
Felt with the soul of the glen :  
That peace—the clear joyance of sight  
Still purer, illumined again.”

## LORENZO.

“Marina! I touch not thy hand,  
Nor gaze on those eyes of delight ;  
Yet I paint their hues, as I stand  
In the golden presence of light ;  
And I feel that their hope is mine  
Whilst I bow to the Heavenly will,  
And, borne by the fathomless brine,  
Come happy, soft warnings, Be still.  
O blessèd awakenings of life,  
Which call to my heart when alone,  
With nature no longer at strife,  
With memories carved not on stone,  
Or worn by the fretting, the aching  
Of thoughts that will hive in our breast  
To steal the sweets of Love’s making,  
And leave but a craving unrest !  
O Tears! that flow from life’s portal  
To swell the deep river of years  
Back from the tomb—ye are mortal !  
Death’s gate is not opened for tears.  
Our days indeed ye shall cumber  
With beatings from waves of despair ;

But 'neath the surf there is slumber—  
 The dreams of our life shall be there.  
 Beauty no longer shall wither,  
 Fast bound by the reach of our prime,  
 Darting thus hither and thither  
 To perch on frail blossoms of time ;  
 But there 'neath the voices of bells,  
 With the notes of a soul-born rhyme,  
 'Mid all that was purest she dwells,  
 Eternally resting sublime ;  
 Tell me ? the halo of twilight  
 Was never reclaimed by the shade ?  
 But silence interpreted right,  
 Her thoughts were not destined to fade.  
 The murmurs that Nature hath blest,  
 Through the heath and the woodclad vale,  
 Will flow through the land of our Rest,  
 And ripple once more with Love's tale ?  
 O hear me ! 'tis chilly, this room  
 Besieged by the armies of storm ;  
 Light flickers—no stars—but a gloom  
 Which mantles thy wave-bedewed form.  
 Yes ! you smile, you whisper once more,  
(Chimes heard.)  
 As chimes from the silvery bell,  
 They call thee—those voices of yore !  
 Marina ! Marina ! Farewell !"  
(Spirit disappears as Lorenzo advances.)

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## THE DAUGHTERS OF CLOOD.

A TALE OF NORTH WALES.

## ARGUMENT.

The men of Ardudwy, having carried off the daughters of the neighbouring vale of Clood, are pursued and slain by the men of Clood. But they have so won the love of their brides, that on their death the latter prefer to throw themselves into Lyn Morwynion (the Maiden Lake) rather than return home.

## I.

STILL are thy waters, O lonely Morwynion !  
Beneath the wild shelter of mountain and mere ;  
Thou art their offspring, O loving Morwynion !  
So placidly nestling 'mid wilderness here.

## II.

All silent and dreary—Seclusion thy home,  
The glow of the heather—the purple is thine ;  
Yet who could have recked of the high-lifted foam,  
Which covered thy breast with the fierceness of brine ?

## III.

Now resting in sadness, deep coloured by age,  
Thy bosom hath welcomed the peace that comes last ;  
Now fled the loud beatings—the lightning of rage  
That flashed o'er thy waters and died in the Past.

## IV.

Ah ! but thou lovest still yet to remember  
The days that are sweetened though shadowed by  
Time ;

Blossoms of spring were the seed of December,  
And dear is the dawn to the flush of our prime.

Down by the banks of thy deep hidden waters  
Wailed to bleak Manod Clood's fairest of daughters,  
Mourning by streams that were swollen in sorrow,  
Chilled by the thought of their doom on the morrow :  
Theirs was the grief that no comfort could smother,  
Robbed of the aid both of husband and brother.  
Wild the revenge that was death to their pleading,  
Bitter the anguish when loved ones lay bleeding ;  
Low shrank those frail sisters in kinship of woe,  
And watched the fierce battle wane faintly below ;  
Closer and closer their tears knit together  
Hearts whose lone home was the mountain and  
    heather,  
That dear bond of grieving was all they possess—  
The silence that follows despair was their rest ;  
For now from the clamour of triumph or wail  
The cry of their fathers was borne on the gale.

CHORUS OF MEN OF CLOOD.

“ Back to us ! back to us ! maids of the vale,  
We have won ! we have triumphed o'er those  
Who scattered our blossoms and left in their trail  
But the leaves and the thorns of our rose.  
Back to us ! back to us ! all is forgot ;  
Wronged honour hath taken its due :  
Restore to our valley its once happy lot ;  
Come again ! they are fathers that sue.”

Then from those maidens fair Elsie arose  
Calm in the strength of despair ; yet of those,  
Torn from their home but to cherish the foe,  
She was most fearful—now truest in woe ;  
With heart throbbing fast, with eyes kindling fire,  
She hurled forth rebuke on the head of a sire.

## ELSIE.

“ Return ! nay ! we cannot again ;  
No Present or Future is ours,—  
The past is uncleansed from the stain  
Of the dead that lie thickly as flowers.  
Here hope has departed, and love  
Hath fled from the doom-stricken door,  
To seek on far mission above  
The balm for that sad ‘ Nevermore.’  
The breath ye think gone is but still ;  
For life was not wholly their own,  
’Twas caught by each echoing rill,  
And borne where the swallows have flown.  
’Tis fresh on the tremulous heath !  
’Tis lit on the motionless dome,  
That links what is lovely beneath  
To the life of a spirit’s home.  
Ye have but driven the gladness,  
The tender affections of earth,  
From the chill threshold of sadness,  
To the goal of a purer birth.  
’Tis ye who the roses scattered !  
The clusters that joyed in the spring :



The porch with its branches scattered,  
No more with our voices shall ring.  
Beauty now freed from its sorrow,  
And wreathed with a circle of green,  
Shall crown an endless to-morrow  
With bloom that we longed for unseen.  
Life is new opening before us,  
Which hath dwelt by our side unknown,  
Hailed by the forest's pure chorus,  
In Heaven its notes are full grown.  
Then why should we pine for more years  
At the hand of a cheerless Time?  
Who holds but a cup full of tears,  
Embittered by knowledge of crime.

But there, where our childhood drew breath,  
The void of hushed voices must dwell;  
The quiet, the shadow of death  
Looms dark o'er that once happy dell.  
The spirit of woodlands is sad,  
The murmurs of rivulet still,  
The gorge and the uplands are clad  
In peace which descends from the hill:  
For now where are those which have made  
The hills and the valleys rejoice?  
Now only the leaves in bare glade  
That are tossed by the winds have voice.  
O sisters! we dare not recall,—  
There's sleep 'neath the waves of the lake,  
Whose bosom alone shall enthrall  
The passion which sorrows awake.

Its ripples shall seem to the mere  
The sighs of our bitter farewell,  
Soft winning the sympathy near,  
Which lies in each heather-bound dell.  
Though ties of our kindred be fled,  
Our hearts shall be laid at their shrine,  
Who fell, like the beams that are red,  
To rise in the east more divine."

CHORUS OF DAUGHTERS OF CLOOD.

" Sigh for us, sigh for us, gentle Morwynion,  
Sigh for the lovers who rashly have wooed,  
When o'er thy bosom the eagle's stern pinion  
Sweeps to his home o'er the silence of Clood."

Scarce the last notes of their music had died,  
Wild as if bittern in solitude cried ;  
Scarce the last sun rays had tinged with red flame  
Lake and lone mountain—thy breast was the same.  
As I looked on it now, yet beneath there lay  
The sorrows of Clood's fairest daughters for aye.

Keep their fell secret then, lonely Morwynion,  
For thou, when all else was deserted, wert dear :  
Thou wert the tomb of their hopes, sad Morwynion ;  
Here mingled the wave and last ebbing tear.

Still over thy surge may the story be told  
Of hearts that refused to surrender the Past ;  
To ears of fond Nature thy burden unfold,  
How Love found her rest 'neath thy waters at last.

O gentle Morwynion ! beguiling the lonely,  
The winds seem to whisper in life wearied mood ;  
“ Ah ! though we love like the men of Arddudwy,  
The world is devoid of a daughter of Clood.”

1872.

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ODE ON THE FALL OF NAPOLEON III. 1870.

I.

AGAIN and yet again the trumpet blast  
Wakes the shrill echoes o'er the peaceful fields ;  
Challenge and haughty answer fiercely cast  
From shore to shore proclaim that neither yields.

The tramp of war,  
With cannon's roar,

Startles the blood from cheek of peasant pale,  
And shakes the happy pastures of the vale,

By stream that flows,  
Foredoomed to woes,

Foredoomed to see Ambition do its worst,  
Leading the despot line by battle curst.

II.

Hast thou perchance seen eagle on his course  
Swoop with a fiery onslaught on his prey ?  
Or marked the restless pawing of the horse  
That champs the bit all eager for the fray ?

When Europe slept,  
So Gallia swept,

Snorting a proud defiance on her foe,  
 Endured so long—at length her might to know.  
     The last note rung,  
     Forth warriors sprung,  
 Nor longer shall the warhorse vainly prance,  
 The rein hangs loose on frenzied mane of France.

## III.

O God of battles ! what a world is ours !  
 Virtue with vice confused, and right with might.  
 These are all Thine, Thy instruments these powers,  
 Working Divine intentions in the fight  
     Of empty fame  
     And sinful aim.  
 How long, how long, shall Christians stand aghast ?  
 As each day brings its tale of thousands past,  
     On whom the guilt  
     Of blood thus spilt ?  
 France, is it thine ? Away, o'erwhelming thought !  
 Judgment to him that judgeth shall be brought.

## IV.

Listen, O France ! the wailing from thy fields ;  
 Listen, O France ! thy challenge back returns ;  
 Cannon with hoarse-mouthed tempest vainly shields  
 Despairing flight, while farm or hamlet burns.  
 Listen, O France ! the tramp of thousand feet,  
 Stern in their vengeful task thy foes are come.  
 Listen, O France ! thy scattered hosts retreat,  
 Leaving the track of many a ruined home.

V.

But where is he who should have led the van ?  
Where is great Cæsar, when his legions charge  
Into a reeking grave ? in vain we scan  
The fast thinned host that desperate line the marge  
Of stream *that flows with corpses* \*—stream of blood.  
No ! nor there where late some rallying band,  
'Mid panic-stricken herd have dauntless stood  
To stem the ruthless waves that sweep their land.  
Lo ! here see one so coldly placed aside,  
His words unheeded—orders disobeyed ;  
No friend to soothe the pangs of fallen pride—  
Tis he ! who feebly moans, "*Betrayed ! betrayed.*"†

VI.

Say, shall we now call Cæsar great,  
Who fell so sudden and so low,  
Reproach him with usurped estate,  
And turn unpitying from his woe ?

VII.

Yet no ! our hand is not in thine,  
Inconstant fickle-hearted France ;  
Go, Folly ! every wreath untwine  
Thou lavished on him—sing and dance.

\* "The Meuse is full of corpses, and the inhabitants are flying panic-stricken."—*Daily News*.

† "On m'a trompé ! on m'a trompé !" — *Napoleon after Metz*.

## VIII.

England forsakes no fallen friend,  
She ne'er forgets the deeds of yore ;  
She joys not when the darkening end  
Whispers to greatness, " Nevermore ! "

## IX.

A throne ! and what a throne was this !  
Built in a day, and gone e'en now ;  
No crown of peace, no reign of bliss,  
Have marked the bold adventurer's brow.

## X.

The rule that's built on love shall live,  
From sire to grandson handed down,  
Firm rooted in the soil, and give  
A sacred halo to the crown.

## XI.

Such was not thine—thy race arose,  
The brand of Cain upon its sword,  
From rampant crime and reckless blows,  
By Freedom's trampled sons abhorred.

## XII.

Doomed is thy line ! " *Baptized with fire,*" \*  
The youthful offspring calmly stood  
Where slaughter breathed, and now the sire  
Falls 'mid a hetacomb of blood.

\* " Louis a reçu la baptême de feu."

XIII.

“Curse him,” cries Gaul’s anguished mother,  
“Curse him for my darling boy :  
Low he lies, and now another  
Marches where the foes deploy.

XIV.

“Curse him for my hopes perverted,  
Curse him for my plundered store,  
Curse him for my home deserted,  
Curse him——” Stay—*He is no more ! \**

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LINES ON PASSING THE GUARDS' MONUMENT  
AFTER THE BLACK SEA CONFERENCE.

I PASSED beneath the shadow of the stone,  
Sad in its deathlike silence,—yet one ray,  
With the last pulsing of its life had flown,  
To chase the marble chill of death away.  
“Too true,” I sighed, “this stone has e’en more life  
Than England’s slothful sons, with honour fled,  
And tear-dewed glory, won in noble strife,  
Sold by pale fear ! Oh, now is England dead ? ”  
Cold grew the stone again, and Alma’s name,  
Which late seemed glowing in memorial fame, *Ham?*

\* Chislehurst, January, 1873.

Had faded into gloom now gathering round,  
 While warriors looked with shame upon the ground,  
 Shamed that their country could so soon forget,  
 Content to register a foeman's threat.

*March, 1871.*

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### THE MUSIC OF THE WATERS.

"The sounding cataract  
 Haunted me like a passion."

WORDSWORTH.

#### I.

"THE music of a conquered land; the harp that once  
 was free!"

Speak thus to sons of Caradoc—Breathe only peace to  
 me.

For Beauty here is conqueror, each *fairy glen*\* her  
 slave,

And Nature weaves a sylvan wreath over a Druid's  
 grave.

Voices of Cambria's rugged clefts, in ye shall Freedom  
 raise

The melodies of rivulets, the thankfulness of praise,  
 Imprisoned by the wooded heights, yet free shall ever  
 roll

The offspring of a mountain's breast in one harmo-  
 nious whole:

\* Fros Noddyn, Bettws y Coed.



Where the green woods and deep ravine have barred  
the outer world,  
Where through the centuries of Time the cataracts are  
hurled,  
Where the lone sound of waters, the murmuring of  
streams,  
Have lured the poet's wandering thoughts to share a  
wood-nymph's dreams.  
These are thy haunts, O Freedom, where thou harpest  
evermore  
The song of cherished hopes and fears, the sympathies  
of yore,  
The rest that speaks of Heaven—the peace that we  
ne'er may know,  
Till the wrangling of the nations—the cry of toil and  
woe—  
Is banished from the woodlands; till the melody of  
sound  
Hath wooed the restless thunder, and Elysium is  
found!

## II.

Yet words sound hollow as our breath, for how can  
they express  
The Spirit's sweet communion with Solitude's recess?  
When on the lake and the moorland the sunset loves  
to rest,  
Where the soft-sounding waterfall leaps from a Gly-  
dwr's crest;

When on the glen and the mountain a deepening shade  
hath crept,  
And valleys—pillowed on the hills—in loveliness have  
slept :  
O'er many a pass Seclusion has drawn her hallowed  
veil,  
And the lull of inland waters has fallen on the dale.  
Sink on my heart, thou Silence, that strikest the secret  
chord  
Of Love which has caught in stillness the voice of Na-  
ture's Lord.  
Yet hark ! again the cataract has broke the twilight's  
charm,  
And moving strains roll down once more—they bear a  
streamlet's psalm.  
Then heart, that sighs and lingers in forgetfulness,  
enjoy  
The music of the waters, where no jarring notes annoy ;  
That through the vista of the Past their Spirit's sooth-  
ing power  
May ripple o'er those stones again, and murmur  
through the bower ;  
Their voices breathe of Freedom, but the hymn of Love  
as well  
Shall re-echo, in sad absence, the chorus of the dell.

*Bettws y Coed, 1871.*

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## BETTWS REVISITED, 1872.

"It is not now as it has been of yore ;  
 Turn wheresoe'er I may,  
 By night or day,  
 The things which I have seen I now can see no more."

WORDSWORTH.

## I.

ONCE again hath my ears caught the sound of the  
 streams !—yet once more  
 I stand in the valley of Beauty—I hear the Conway  
 roar.  
 It seemed but yesterday I stood—now all is changed  
 to me,  
 There's a discord in their music—there's a shadow on  
 each tree.  
 Still roll the 'whelming cataracts over the rock and  
 stone ;  
 But now their many voices recall but one that has  
 gone.  
 The Present is as lovely, but the Past must e'er  
 remain  
 To bind the links of Sorrow's forge in one unbroken  
 chain.  
 Through bloom, returned to deck the woods which  
 wreathe this happy vale,  
 The sighing zephyrs breathe again—but with a sadder  
 tale.

Ah ! wherefore swells within my breast the fount that  
I thought was dry ?  
Fond memory lingers round the spot, and pierces heart  
and eye :  
'Neath the rippling of the streamlets, on the purple  
heights above,  
By the still retired cottage, comes the thought of one  
we love.

## II.

Life, thou art bosomed in Nature ! her soul encom-  
passes thine,  
And with the garlands of Earth, our joys and our sor-  
rows entwine ;  
Yet sunshine gleaming through clouds, that gather and  
pass away,  
Brings no dawn for the heart that is crushed by bur-  
dens to-day.  
For, when returned to the places our yearnings have  
hallowed,  
Dearer—far dearer to us—are those which are sha-  
dowed  
By the sweeping of Sorrow's dark mantle. Ah ! then  
at last  
Comes sweetly and sadly o'er woodlands the voice of  
the Past.  
Each cliff and each turn bears the seal which Time  
marked on its brow ;  
Down the flow of the stream steals the sense of soli-  
tude now.

Valley of Beauty and shadows ! Valley of life and of death !

Here in the calm of seclusion, smiling 'neath Nature's soft breath,

The bend of thy hills winneth love, but memory claims the tear,

For the wind brushing past me hath whispered, "His spirit is here."

## III.

Silent and sad were our steps, as we round the clustering wood ;

O shall not his presence then greet us ? for we knew how he could.

Wherefore these fears, these tremblings ? the home that we knew is the same ;

Here, in the heart of the highlands, we'll joy to welcome—a name !

A name that is lost to the living, but lives with the dead !

Lost ! aye indeed to these waters, but where'er it is said,

In the humble prayer of the peasant, with sighs—nay, with tears,

The name of the lost shall be found yet more hallowed by years.

The hand that we longed so to greet us is cold, but the heart

Which has kindled such warm love within us can never depart.

'Mid these fair valleys, affection closely retaineth it  
still,  
Linked by that golden chain which Remembrance hath  
woven to fill  
The void that is chill on this mountain ; loved shrine  
of the dead,  
The bloom of whose heather recalleth the soul that  
has fled.  
'Mid hues once bright to her gaze, grief in her loneli-  
ness dwells  
Where the fond streams shall breathe the notes of  
eternal farewells.

*September, 1872.*

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WATERSMEET,\* LYNMOUTH, NORTH DEVON.

THERE, in the closest glen that Devon knows,  
Amid the labyrinth of woodlands, flows  
United Lyn ; and through the merry dells  
The joy of meeting to the hillside tells ;  
There the twin streamlets rush to one another,  
Meeting once more as brother unto brother,  
Whom absence long would part, and distance sever,  
Meeting once more in sweet embrace for ever.  
O that two bosoms would for once unfold  
The rivers of the heart they frozen hold !  
O that for once our souls could cease to seem !  
And pour each burdening thought, as this fair stream

\* Where the East and West Lynn join.

Leaps in the fulness of its joy to know  
The spirit lightened of a kindred woe.  
One path rewards the trials of devotion,  
One dear embrace of all unchecked emotion ;  
Mingled for aye the chords which each had shaken,  
One hymn of praise the slumbering stones awaken.  
Ah ! there no secrets weigh upon the breast !  
Each rising billow swallowed into rest,  
Each ripple broke in pearls of light to greet  
Responding waters e'en now turned to meet :  
Rapt in the bliss of winding forth together,  
One voice to tell of mossy bank and heather,  
No strange reserve best impulses to smother,  
One heart to feel the void of one another.

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## CHRISTMAS ECHOES.

## I.

BORN but to die ! The stars proclaim  
The mystery of Christ again,  
And usher in the loud acclaim  
Which hails the birth to death of pain.  
Born but to die ! Earth's mingling bells  
Give back to starlit night the strain,  
That now were breathing forth farewells,  
And seek to change their notes in vain.

## II.

Born but to die ! The ebb and flow  
Of human tides, of lingering years,  
Of all we sought to love and know,  
Of all the hopes which brought but tears.  
Born but to die ! through all their peals,  
Though joyous anthem mocks our ears,  
Through all the clamorous life, there steals  
The silent sadness of our fears.

## III.

Born but to die ! our hearts' fond trust,  
Which grew as ivy round the tree,  
Till to the breast some heedless thrust  
Told friendship's hopes were not to be.  
Born but to die ! each generous thought  
That clung to faith, and would not see  
The cancer falsehood overwrought,  
Then woke to find it could not be.

## IV.

Born but to die ! the dream of fame  
That sported with our ~~hour~~<sup>days</sup> so long,  
Doting upon some nobler aim,  
And chafed beneath its endless wrong.  
Born but to die ! Yes ! sailed away  
Upon the dwindling skylark's song ;  
Or frightened by the glare of day,  
The dream has faded 'mid the throng.



## v.

Born but to die ! With life's deep glow  
Flushed in the fuller depth of prime,  
Now sets upon the clouds of snow  
The gold-encircled Sun of Time :  
Girt with the purple of far West,  
His tender hues too bright to last ;—  
'Tis o'er !—and all the world had blest  
Adds but a shadow to the Past.

## vi.

Born but to die ! ye mingling bells !  
Ye heavenly stars that dream of peace !  
Betwixt your spheres one chorus swells,  
“ The noblest aims of life must cease.”  
Born but to die ! repeating still  
To one whom years have left alone,  
The wish to be,—yet not the will,  
A nerveless faith—a voiceless tone.

## vii.

Born but to die ! yet come again  
As phantoms o'er a haunted room,  
Still lingering where they once did reign,  
Our dearest wishes from their tomb.  
Born but to die ! they leave for aye  
A void—a vacancy of space,  
That still recalls, that will not die,  
The shadow of an empty space.

## VIII.

Born but to die ! the strong, the gay,  
Those whom the fond enchanted eye  
Draws to its inner world as day  
Doth woo the sunlight from the sky.  
O Life ! dear mystery of woe,  
Thy loves recorded in a sigh,  
Thy stings, thy burdens, only grow ;—  
O God ! are griefs not born to die ?

1873.

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THE LANDSCAPE.

SUGGESTED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE poet and the painter's craft seems wed  
In one sweet luxury of Art, the touch  
Of undulating pencil speaks the heart  
With all the majesty of flowing verse.  
That silent roll of waters—the deep wave  
Gulfed in the narrow limits of the view,  
Are full of life to me ; the wild weird shore  
Is glowing with the spirit of the hour.  
Ah me ! ah me ! what solitude is here !  
What grandeur to be all alone in this !  
Here, where the quiet beauty of the scene  
Demands a heart subdued and feelings bent  
To one soft reverie, from which we wake  
Only to feel its sweetness come again :

And musing, thus I cried, "No critics here  
May cavil at the colour of a cloud ;  
For in the heart the sense of beauty lies,  
And this alone a poet's eye may scan.

*May, 1871.*

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THE AFTERTHOUGHT.

ON SEEING LORD BYRON'S MSS. (*See Note.*)

I.

I SAW the hills and valleys range afar,  
I heard the rush of waters and of wind,  
Whilst the dim lustre of the evening star,  
'Clipsed by the stragglers Day had left behind,  
Rose in the beauty of a modest love,  
Which raises all beneath by deeming them above.  
All this shall silence glean agen  
Still in the thought that comes not *then*.  
Ah, no ! not then the deepest light hath shone,  
Nor wakes th' enamoured soul to shout her joy :  
Not till the parting ray hath come and gone  
Returns again the freshness of a boy  
Who glories in the pleasures of the hour,  
And then forgets the scene, where loveliness had  
power  
O'er the pure feelings that arise in men,  
Yet to the poet's voiceless heart—not then.

## II.

'Tis sunk ! 'Tis hidden in a mine of gold,  
Which labouring sighs must bring again to air,  
Drawn from the labyrinth our bosoms hold,  
Shaped to perfection in the heart's close lair ;  
Where all th' impressions which a life hath made,  
Where all its landscaped thoughts lurk 'neath a  
hallowed shade.

And then the waving moor and hill  
Return at call of poet's will ;  
Restored the light that hid forlorn,  
Now fresh with scent of some sweet morn,  
Twin-mated with our brightest dreams,  
And flushed with never-ending beams.  
Thus shall return to glad the glistening eye  
The visions won again by fancy's prisoned sigh,  
Inspired from on high, and fill  
The mind whose afterthought lay still.

## III.

Borne as on wings of melody there steal,  
When nought but toil or sadness may oppress,  
The notes which once had rung in joyous peal  
Or smiles which shone upon a brief distress,  
And in a deeper chord of love renew  
The soft impressions whence a memory grew.  
The scenes we once had loved so well  
Allure with more enduring spell,

And to a more than transient gaze  
 Bring back the light of golden days.  
 Then glorified in poet's rite,  
 The Past and Present re-unite ;  
 The Past to shed a purer glow  
 Over the sorrows *now* we know.

NOTE.—Most of Byron's best pieces being never written on the spot, but afterwards, in fragments on fly-leaves, etc.

---

ALONE.

ON VISITING A DESERTED HOME.

I.

BEAR with me yet a little while,  
 Thou tree, thou flower, thou grassy knoll,  
 As silent visions by me file,  
 Whilst Memory's hands unroll  
 The tearful vista of the Past,  
 Where every hope dispelled the last,  
 Where every sympathy has flown  
 To find a broken link—alone.

II.

O Desolation ! how expressed  
 In stillness where all motion seemed

A spirit born to be caressed,  
 A formless Peri that has gleamed,  
 And knit the soul of man to Earth,  
 Which bred his loves, and gave hope birth,  
 Gleamed but a moment to make known  
 The bitterness—to be alone.

## III.

Nature ! nurse of comfort, hear  
 The voice of Solitude, whose sigh  
 Hath stirred the leafless branches near,  
 And drawn a cloud across the sky.  
 Mother thou ! as mother, feel  
 The barrenness the winds reveal ;  
 The vacancy ne'er truer shown  
 Than by the bud which blooms alone.

## IV.

There is a Spirit lurking nigh,  
 That lures me 'neath the shady grove,  
 I feel a presence none descry,  
 Save they who know what 'tis to love.  
 The shadow of a something lost  
 O'er each well-trodden path has crost,  
 And part of every haunt has grown,  
 Where I have lingered *not alone*.

## V.

O is it but <sup>65</sup>~~some~~ lengthened dream,  
 Which hangs o'er wakened senses still,

At every turn some phantom seem  
With names beloved the air to fill ;  
Such name beloved, such sunlit scene  
Where youth fresh happiness did glean,  
Whose hour was joy—but never known  
How priceless then till now—alone !

## VI.

Thou day that risest brightly clad  
On fresh-dewed Earth and Heaven's bright blue,  
There was a time when I was glad  
Because an unseen pleasure grew ;  
By thy sweet radiance love begun,  
Seemed blest by high ascending Sun,—  
I thought one ray should be my own,  
Where is it now ? I am alone.

## VII.

O mother Earth ! thy soil shall feel  
The growth of love entwining round  
When soft embrace of Spring will steal  
The crispness from the yielding ground.  
But ah ! what Springtime is there here,  
When even hope has failed to cheer,  
To find the blossom Love had sown  
Thwarted—withered—and alone !

1872.

## ODE TO THE SPIRIT OF MORN.

## I.

BEAUTIFUL Spirit of Morn  
 Peering from dreamland's abyss,  
 Earth with thy blessing adorn,  
 But wake her not yet with thy kiss.

## II.

Draw but the curtain aside,  
 Centre thy gaze on her eyes,  
 Closed in the sleep of a bride,  
 Whom ~~her~~ lover's embrace shall surprise.

## III.

Through the cleft paths of the sky  
 Glide in the lightness of love ;  
 Catch but the fall of a sigh,  
 And set it in rays from above.

## IV.

Whisper—Ah softer ! lest fear  
 Rob thy delight of its charm ;  
 Breathe but a wish to her ear—  
 Beware the coy glance of alarm !

## V.

Dews o'er her brow ; by her bed  
 The leaf that unfolded to see



The stillness of beauty o'erhead ;  
Wake her not ! She's dreaming of thee.

VI.

Not yet ! For the hour must fly,  
Treads on its heel the loud world  
Breaking through cloudlet and sky,  
Which the hand of a God unfurled ;

VII.

And hearts must awake to feel  
The peace of their memories flow  
Away from rude life,—and steal  
The freshness—the silence—the glow.

VIII.

And the past—the past is sweet,  
Though the dawn of day be wet  
With quiver of dews that greet  
The hope that is tinged with regret.

IX.

Beautiful Spirit of Morn !  
'Censed by the breath of the Spring,  
From bloom of her azure born,  
The gift of pure loveliness bring.

X.

Come ! through the hush of the air,  
Brushing the crest of each hill,

As bridegroom to bride so fair,  
Enwapt in the love which is still.

## XI.

Speed not the dream that will break ;  
But with the opening of day  
Let visions of Night awake,  
Not lost—but fulfilled in a ray.

## XII.

The hues that first charmed the eyes,—  
The bird that beguiled with song,—  
The glow that was first to rise,—  
The dawn of real life would prolong.

## XIII.

Come while the heart lifts above  
The founts of its grateful prayer,  
Beautiful Spirit of Love !  
Life-giving Son of the Air !

*January, 1874.*

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NEVERMORE.

WHEN shall I learn to pluck the flower and feel  
No blight upon its blossom ? When shall Hope  
Burst from her chrysalis of sloth bright clad  
In all th' adornments that our fancy shed ?

When shall return the spirit of a child,  
That on the threatenings of a storm has smiled ?  
When shall I love each friend as when we met,  
Ere faults were found and choice became regret ?  
When in the simpleness of Faith adore  
All that the eye beholds ? O nevermore !

---

## ODE TO SUMMER.

## I.

Too long has she been adorning  
Her head with the circlet of flowers ;  
Heard she the call of the morning  
That chaseth away the dark hours ?  
Why tarry the wheels of her car,  
While her heralds are sounding afar,  
When the bird, the bud, and the prime  
Of the leaf awaiteth her time ?  
O come, then, fair daughter of light !  
In the glow of full radiance now,  
In pride of bestowing alight  
Where the stem 'neath the roses bow ;  
Where the gleam of thine eyes shall fill  
The meadow, the gorse, and the hill.  
'Tis the beaming of youth and of joy,  
That spreads o'er the earth to destroy  
The shadows of winter's decay ;  
Light us then, thou Queen of the Day !

## II.

But hark ! from yonder bough  
Familiar strains are breathing forth farewell ;  
O wherefore, wherefore now,  
Those accents sad, sweet plaintive Philomel ?  
“ I go with the past ; thou wilt list in vain,  
Thou shalt hear me no more,” she cries ;  
“ I shun the loud voices of summer’s reign,  
With her clarion burst mine dies.  
My song was but trilled to awake  
The lovely, the noble in men ;  
’Twas but a vain effort to make  
The *now* as delightful as then.  
I sang when each tribute of spring  
Was fresh with the incense of love,  
From the bower of youth I take wing ;  
My song is recorded above,  
Where the moon o’er the arc silent creeping  
To the throne of imperial night  
Hath oft shone in the lustre of weeping,  
And glistened with tears of delight.”

## III.

“ Hence, sad forerunner of a wealth of sound !  
A melody of hues—a rose-strewed ground ;  
Hence ! voice of lonely woods ! thy mystic spell  
Hath died upon the quivering of ‘ farewell ! ’  
Come, Fairy Queen, assert thy sway !  
For life should be an endless choir

Of harmonies for ever gay,  
Of echoes from a deathless lyre,  
Bathed in sunlight, perfumed o'er  
With the dew from honeyed store,  
Flushed with beauties till the eye  
Lives with gazing on the sky,  
Till the heart's unbounded ease  
Loosens all its bolts, and frees  
Love, which o'er the world shall steal  
Till its fullest joys we feel ;  
Till each river of the breast  
Starts from slothful bed of rest,  
Meets the bold embrace of air,  
And joys with elements to share.  
Come ! and all thy gifts outpour  
To the waves of chestnut bloom,  
From a perfect Heaven's door,  
Where they never dream of doom.  
Float through ether, drive away  
All but what is bliss to-day."

## IV.

'Tis vain ! for o'er the chimes will steal  
Voice of the silvery past ;  
In vain we seek to change the peal,  
Its cadence is overcast.  
Through the silence of eve will ring  
The melody heard of yore,  
And the waning of day will bring  
The tramp of some last " No more."

I hear but its echoing feet,  
The knell of the passing year,  
Swift fleeing away till they meet  
With the sun's encircling sphere.

## v.

Mighty splendour ! queen of light !  
Melting distance—bounding sight,  
While the signs of evening fall,  
And in falling soft recall  
All the glowing thoughts that fled,  
All the loving words we said,  
Treasured in the purple sky  
Whilst the darkness waiteth nigh ;  
Whilst each ray in transient gleams  
Fades upon our broken dreams,  
Still we fondly linger o'er  
Shadows that have gone before.

## vi.

Now thy wearied steeds the West,  
Enriching fold on fold,  
Hides within her mantled rest,  
And thy swift course is told.  
O'er the horizon creeping  
Now peers the stealthy star  
While the clouds are reaping  
Their golden sheaves afar.  
Stored in realms of beauty  
The harvest of the past,

Love—affection—duty  
Garnered there at last.  
Gather in thy glory  
The fresh delights of day,  
Handing down each story  
Emblazoned on a ray,  
Till within thy splendour  
We lose the inner woe,  
Till thy stillness render  
Her peace to us below.  
I gaze upon thy orbèd sphere  
Till not one streak is seen,  
Thou'rt gone ! and sighs are swelling here  
For all that once hath been.  
Yet not for aye thy clustered lights  
Have sunk beneath the hill,  
They will return to hallow nights  
When all but dreams are still.

*July, 1874.*

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### THE CHIMES.

#### I.

“GOOD NIGHT ! ” The chimes from neighbouring tower  
Are ringing out the midnight hour.  
Thou and I still awake, O Bell.  
“ Good night.” I will not bid farewell.  
Thy voice is like some warning friend  
That speaks of rest where yew trees bend,

That tells of many a long good night ;  
Yet still I watch beneath the light  
Of stars soft arching o'er the glade,  
Through the impassive, mystic shade  
Of elms and ivy round the tower,  
That sleeps within their sombre bower.

## II.

“ Good night.” The echoes linger still  
On the dark outline of yon hill ;  
Yet in those words the numbered day  
Glides back upon a moonlit ray,  
And all the quiet joys that sped  
Rise as the ghosts of churchyard dead ;  
Rise with the thoughtless uttered breath,  
And ring the chimes, “ There is no death.”  
The hours which love hath crowned her own  
Come back when most we feel alone :  
The words—the hand—the smile that shone  
On life's young path can ne'er begone ;  
Each moment vanished into space  
Recalls some dear, some wistful face,  
Rekindling with new-wakened power  
The silence of the midnight hour.  
Aye ! for the thought's eternal fane  
Shall ring with the chimes of life again,  
That mingle with thy tones, O Bell !  
Good night ! I will not bid farewell.

*Shoreham Rectory, August, 1874.*



## THE LAST SUMMER DAY

ON THE THAMES BELOW RICHMOND.

"Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,  
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest."

COLLINS.

## I.

WHAT is more lovely than a winding stream,  
Over whose quiet throbbings dance the waves,  
Pulseless, yet bearing in their lithesome touch  
The spirit-stirring ecstasy of joy ;  
While on the sloping marge sweet Art has grown,  
As 'twere in sympathy with Nature's charms,  
Where in the calm of verdant earth we find  
A solace from the ruffling world behind ;  
The fleecy clouds—the placid blue horizon  
Seem knit together for our dream's ascent.

## II.

O summer, could thy shining months endure  
For ever and for ever through the years !  
If the revolving seasons could not bring  
Aught that might dim the smile of life with tears,  
Should we grow weary of eternal joy,  
Or listless sink upon a mossy bank,  
Watching the silver of the eddies curl,  
And dream our petty life of sunshine by,  
Impatient of the rays and glowing shore ?  
Could we but drown thy call, O restless soul !

Whom beauty lures not save by seeming new,  
Unperfect in thy parts when change, decay,  
Must balance half to make the other gay :  
Yet sweeter are the moments such as these,  
When only sighs disturb the evening breeze,  
Dearer by far because they are so few.  
We loved not Zephyr ere rude Boreas blew.

## III.

O ye fond hearts that woo these sunny hours !  
Gliding athwart the bosom of fair Thames,  
The sunshine of your forms remains to me  
Like the grouped setting of a lovely view.  
To be together in a scene like this  
Enkindles the deep love those only feel  
Whose eyes are open to the hidden life  
That pours its sultry offering to Heaven  
Under the gentle slope of hill and field.  
Comrades in joy ! the dancing of the rays,  
The sparkling of the waters in the sun,  
The sympathies of river and of sky,  
Speak to your hearts, as they have breathed on  
mine,  
The blessed happiness of mutual love ;  
And may the holy calmness of their power  
Join us in spirit through the wintry hour,  
Melt in our breasts the fellowship of tears,  
Bear our joint hopes as gently through the years,  
As the soft current ripples past our prow :  
Then may we greet each other e'en as now,

Though it be long ere we may while away  
The pensive moments of a summer's day.

IV.

Farewell, farewell ! ye fleeting joys, farewell !  
The time is come of darkness and of clouds :  
The gleam of smouldering embers linger still,  
Piercing the twilight of the dying hour ;  
The last fond vision of a summer day  
Is fading 'mid the yellow leaves away ;  
The last dear glance from yonder hillock's brow,  
All, all is o'er, and solitude reigns now.  
Why should I turn ? and turn again to sigh  
O'er scene which seems to mock the parting eye ?  
The tree must wither and the leaf must fade,  
Ere summer bloom again on forest glade,  
Yet the long winter's night alone can tell  
How hard to reconcile the last farewell.

*November, 1871.*

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"WORSHIPPED WITH HER."

I.

God is love. Let incense rise  
Unseen by all save angels' eyes,  
No myrrh with odorous savour lave  
The taint of sinful ether—save  
The purity of hearts that own  
A mutual melody of tone.

## II.

O those are joys ! which o'er us steal,  
When by our side the dearest kneel ;  
With adoration unexpressed  
The sacrifice of love is blessed,  
In the full thankfulness of soul  
Which heavenly innocence hath stole.

## III.

“ Worshipped with her ! ” The prayer ascends  
Mingled with hers ; devotion blends  
One vow to Heaven—one hope to earth ;  
One sigh which hallowed joy gave birth,  
A feeling that the hour is one  
To mark a lifetime—and 'tis gone !

*December, 1871.*

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A NIGHT AT SEA.

## I.

THE height of Eternity's arching is crowned by circlet  
of night,  
The mysteries born of the sea are bathed in a halo of  
light ;  
While ceaseless waves of unrest seem becalmed by  
the passage of Love,  
Till roll of billows respond to the Spirit of Silence  
above.

Flushed with the might of ascending, the moon in a  
volume of fire  
Hath scornfully spurned the clouds, that in sullen  
seclusion retire ;  
Yet o'er the setting of planets the beauty of strength  
seems diffused ;  
And o'er the silvery paths that are gleaming—so  
broken and bruised  
By rude upheaving of waters—she rules in her mys-  
tical power,  
And claims the wide ocean her own—entranced by the  
hush of the hour.  
List ! Her message is speechless, but revealed in the  
glitter of foam,  
Which lines the dark skirting of azure, till sky and  
sea have one home.

## II.

I ask not to scan her secrets, but feel the pure longing  
of Faith  
To bound with the leaping of snowflakes, to gaze on  
each spray bedewed wraith  
Dancing afar to the sunset till lost with the fading of  
Day ;  
Know but the glory of motion—the freedom of speeding  
away ;  
Only to list for the trailing of natures that rustle un-  
seen,  
Cleaving the air with bright wings, as they follow the  
train of their Queen,

As meekly she greets the hoarse welcome of spirits who  
live to revere  
The whispering kisses of Heaven—the message of love  
from a sphere.

## III.

New worlds are gleaming before us, new feelings,  
which only can tell  
Their joys in the voiceless emotion of an endless fall  
and swell.  
It seems not the same blue heaven that reigned o'er  
the quiet of home.  
It seems not the same pure moon that over the fir-tops  
did roam,  
And shine on the tameness of Earth, or smile on the  
temperate zone  
Of man and his petty belongings; Queen now of  
waters alone!  
The glittering road of the Sea seems to vie with the  
passage on high,  
Lit ~~down~~ by the planet's reflexions, that linger refus-  
ing to die.  
Though ris'n encrimsoned with anger, the moon in the  
beauty of rest  
Now sheds the light of forgiveness—till wind, wave,  
and storm-cloud are blest;  
Then glancing back on her progress e'en memory's  
tear will surprise  
The look that rekindles the star, whose glory first  
spurred her to rise.

So we seek to retrace the paths now lost in a turmoil  
of spray,  
And yearn for the dim horizon that was reft from us  
yesterday,  
So shall we sigh for life's footprints illumined by  
rays from that star,  
Which beckoned our hopes o'er the waves to fade in  
the shadows afar.  
O would I might course on those billows away to the  
distant shore !  
And glow in the cycle of sunsets ; feel their last  
glances once more :  
Dearer to human affections the ties of each moment of  
space  
Sealed by the lips of a parting—the hallowing touch of  
embrace.  
Farewell ! farewell to your sparkling ; ye will-o-the-  
wisps of the seas  
That lure the soul till its sorrow is lost in the scent of  
the breeze,  
Till, 'mid its lonely repinings, the thought that oppresses  
the mind  
Flies o'er the vastness of Ocean to Eternity uncon-  
fined,  
Where a new moon shall regather the glories of those  
which have shone,  
Besprinkling the dome of new heaven with gems that  
we fancied had gone.  
E'en now 'mid those wastes of wild waters I feel that  
the soul is free,

When the beauty of Night, betrothed to the depth of a  
lovely sea,  
Doth call to the heart within, which is beating to wit-  
ness the rite,  
To joy in those mystical joys when spirit to spirit  
unite.

*London to Aberdeen, 1874.*

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**"A LITTLE WHILE."**

FANCY spreads her golden train  
O'er the wealth of hope's domain  
A little while.

Sun and breeze conspire to win  
Some frail buds from blight within  
A little while.

Constant visions absence weaves  
Of the love that ne'er deceives  
A little while.

Wreaths, by fleeting triumph thrown,  
Strive to make life's path their own  
A little while.

Brief the glow of flying years,  
Sown in glory—reaped in tears.  
Summer bids the spring away,  
Autumn trippeth to decay  
And the stealthy hours defile,  
With that knell "a little while."



Only this in parting tell,  
When thou whisperest farewell,  
“ O’er my lone dreams fondly smile,  
Till it seem a little while.”

*May, 1874.*

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REGRET.

WRITTEN IN POET’S WALK, ETON PLAYING FIELDS.

To S. L. H.

I.

O COULD I dream for ever here !  
Beneath the rustling trees,  
Or ’mid those crystal circles steer,  
My guiding helm the breeze ;  
And leave no trace of where we cleft  
The feathery wave in spring  
To haunt our minds when May has left,  
And swallows taken wing :  
The memory of the wind that now  
Is playing ’neath the shade  
Shall seem again to fan our brow  
When all that’s bright doth fade.

II.

Sport on ! sport on, thou happy boy,  
While all thy paths are spread  
With flowers that wreath a holy joy,  
Which Innocence hath shed.

From these dear realms of fairy-land  
How many launched from shore,  
And drew their anchor from the strand,  
Only to sigh for yore !  
Yet though they may return to gain  
The pleasures boyhood made,  
They ne'er will feel its life again,  
For all that's bright must fade.

## III.

O who would not have lingered here !  
Where on this flowery sod  
Some bard perchance hath vowed to rear  
A shrine for nature's God.  
Yet why this sadness stealing all  
The sweets of Springtime's bliss ?  
The charm is broke ere lips let fall  
" There is an end to this ;"  
There is a doom of toil and woe,  
That points beyond this glade,  
And *now* must soon be *long ago*,  
For all that's bright must fade.

*May, 1871.*

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THE TORRENT.

I SAT me down upon the sloping bank  
Under the leafy cover of the ash,  
And watched the river winding 'neath the rocks,  
Which by their height uplifted from the shore

Looked down upon the waves that vexed the clefts  
Of humbler comrades, conquered by the force  
Of rushing waters swelled by storms of rain,  
While thus the mountain torrent sang its joy.

I.

Over rock and over stone,  
Down the falls and through the shoal,  
Making cave and cranny moan,  
Surging, foaming, on we roll.

II.

Who shall hinder ? who shall stay ?  
Who shall bar our fierce array ?  
Nay ! though stubborn rocks may try,  
We run past with mocking cry.

III.

We have forced a rough-hewn road,  
Where our waves have rampant flowed ;  
Winding though our path may be,  
Still our hopes are tow'ards the sea.

IV.

“Thou shalt stop,” the crag hath said,  
And put forth his rugged head,  
Casting boulders in our way,  
Trusting in their hoary grey.

## V.

Then we roared in fiercer strain,  
“ We must reach the freeborn main,”  
Tossed our necks in scornful might,  
Seething o’er them kept our flight.

## VI.

Swiftly whirling here and there,  
Stirring up each sluggish lair,  
Leaping cat’racts in our road,  
Sweeping past the her’ns abode.

## VII.

Welcome ! welcome, little rill !  
Rippling downwards from the hill,  
Didst thou hear our distant call,  
From thy bed, sweet waterfall ?

## VIII.

Come, and join our wild career,  
Swifter now thy course is clear !  
Hark ! I hear thee trickling down,  
’Neath the shade of heather brown.

## IX.

We have burst our prison cells,  
By the moor and mossy dells ;  
Many streams from hilly sides,  
Met we all, and joined our tides.

X.

Then we raised our chorus high,  
To the birds that skimmed us by ;  
Then we bore the trout along,  
Flashing in a silvered throng.

XI.

Hail ! ye clouds in mighty force,  
That hang o'er our wilful course,  
Swiftly send your blissful rain,  
Rival us with thunder strain.

XII.

For the sun hath poured his rays,  
In the sultry summer days,  
And we lazy murmured o'er  
Glens now startled by our roar.

Thus sang the stream, and hastened on its way,  
Deafening all sounds in its wild jubilee.

*The Burn, Kincardineshire, 1869.*

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THE CATHEDRAL.

I.

WHAT sense of awe is stealing  
Through the cloistered pile !  
What harmony is pealing  
Down the columned aisle !

'Tis the chill from the tomb of peace,  
'Tis the rest that shall never cease,  
'Tis the waning note from the breath  
Of the trump that summons to death.

## II.

Shadowy gleams the twilight  
Through the oriel pane ;  
Arches almost lost to sight  
Span the sculptured fane ;  
My soul responds a silent prayer,  
As sounds my hollow footsteps there,  
Where no cry of trouble soundeth,  
Where God's halo all surroundeth.

## III.

Deserted is the chancel,  
Lonely is the choir ;  
Yon lies the vaulted chapel,  
Above, the tapering spire.  
No voices stir the solemn scene,  
We whisper as we pass the screen  
That parts the living from the tomb,  
We tread where spirits wait their doom.

## IV.

Sepulchral hangs the banner  
O'er the Lennox race,  
Lords of many a manor,  
This their choicest place.

Lo ! here is one that braved the field,  
And bade his country's foemen yield ;  
Wave his honoured record of his name,  
Guard from the chill of death his fame.

v.

Silent the old world lieth  
'Neath the marble floor,  
Yet still methinks it crieth,  
With the voice of yore,  
“ Love us, for we were staunch and true,  
O love the names we reared for you ;  
Thy church, thy country, all were nought,  
Had we not for their honour fought.”

vi.

Suddenly thrilling my ear,  
Down the long aisles roll  
The notes of melody clear,  
Subduing the soul.  
“ Rest in the Lord,” the organ sang,  
Till the echoing cloisters rang :  
Up to the misty heights it soared,  
Till all vibrate in sweet accord,  
“ Rest in the Lord.”

*Chichester, 1869.*

## TO A. G. H. ON LEAVING FOR INDIA.

## I.

BROTHER ! I held thee dear, but dearer now  
 When thou art gone, and left a void behind  
 In every breast,—when by the genial hearth  
 We all are gathered—all save one—yet he  
 Makes the sad circle incomplete where each  
 Is joined to all by purest ties of love.  
 Shall we regret thee ? yea ! how could we not ?  
 Yet we shall think with pride that thou art gone  
 To noblest service—that of Queen and land,  
 To guard an empire on a distant strand ;  
 And in the comfort of a future learn  
 To pour our hearts in prayer for thy return.

## II.

How many a sunny hour have you and I  
 Numbered together, when I sought thy side,  
 To find my truest friend, and the far world,  
 With thoughts of man, in pleasing distance seemed.  
 To you those days are o'er, another sun  
 Dawns on a separate sphere—Ye clouds, avaunt !  
 As boys we walked together—now apart  
 We'll share the dear remembrance of those days.  
 Let then the links of years be joined again  
 By silent hopes that now seem breathed in vain ;  
 And whilst a mother's tear upon thee swell,  
 Think all our loves locked there—in one farewell.

1869.



## JANAFRA.\*

## I.

TURN thee ! turn thee, hapless maid,  
   Janafra !  
 Why thus bounding up the glade ?  
   Janafra !  
 Mount no more the dizzy height,  
 Waves are rolling hoarse to-night,  
   Janafra !

## II.

Why those eyes of crimson hue ?  
   Janafra !  
 Who could have been hard to you ?  
   Janafra !  
 Why do locks so wildly flow ?  
   Janafra !  
 Who hath made thee mad with woe ?  
   Janafra !

## III.

She has neared the awesome brow,  
 Breathless standing—trembling now,  
   Janafra !  
 Lo ! a barque towards the West  
 Bounds with all that she loved best,  
   Janafra !

\* Janafra, or Genevra, of Lee Abbey, Lynton, North Devon (A.D. 1632). The spot is still shown where she threw herself from the cliff.

## IV.

Now no more he thinks of thee,  
Janafra !

Falser than that smiling sea,  
Janafra!

Laughing gaily he will sail,  
Leaving thee alone to wail,  
Janafra !

V.

Storm clouds gathering o'er the blue,  
Hide thy love for aye from you,  
Janafra!

Lightning lit thy streaming hair,  
Janafra !

Flashed once more—thou wert not there !  
Janafra !

## VI.

Roll the ruffled waves again,  
Janafra !

Lapping where a corpse is lain,—  
Janafra!

Something white upon the stones,—  
Whilst the echoes mock their tones,  
“Janafra! Janafra!”

## SONG—"ONE THOUGHT OF ME."

*To E.H.*

## I.

I ASK not for pledges, I crave not thy love,  
 I leave that ~~for~~ Time in its season to prove ;  
 I ask not for promise of hopes that may be ;  
 I ask from thy silence but one thought of me.

## II.

For words may be fickle, and glances are frail,  
 I would not the gladness of beauty should pale ;  
 I would thou might'st rove 'mid the joyous and free,  
 If memory gather but one thought of me.

## III.

I wish not for years to add links to the chain  
 That's broken so oft, though we still meet again ;  
 The voice of the Past come as wave of the sea,  
 And bear on its billows but one thought of me.

## IV.

Gleam light through their spray, and as pure as their  
 foam,  
 The far-lit horizon that dawned on our home ;  
 For life will be sweeter, how sad though it be,  
 If blest by the pity of one thought for me.

*February, 1875.*

## TO HOPE.

"The day is gone, and all its sweets are fled."—KEATS.

## I.

THE birds are singing in the genial air,  
 The trees are teeming with the blossoms fair;  
 The welcome Spring in fresh-dewed verdure clad  
 Reigns o'er the heart of Earth, and makes her glad;  
 And I—I, too, rejoice beneath the sky  
 That bids the winter of our sorrows fly,  
 And every feeling to soft influence ope,  
 To lie embosomed 'twixt the wings of Hope.

## II.

The heavens and the Earth in pure delight  
 Vie with each other to make all things bright;  
 The height and depth eternal with one voice  
 Chorus their hymn of praise, "Rejoice! Rejoice!"  
 Joy in the passing sunshine of the hour,  
 Joy in the bursting of the early flower,  
 Joy in the quiet calmness of the sphere;  
 Let Hope dispel the clouds till all is clear.

## III.

'Tis eve; great Nature's joy hath died away;  
 Hushed are the thrilling strains that woke the day;  
 Softly the trees are sighing in the grove,  
 The tales of old remembrance—sighs of love.

The day is gone ;—the twilight lingers yet,  
Ere leaving Earth to darkness and regret.  
To vespers calling sounds the evening bell,  
While sheds the western sun a last farewell.

## IV.

The day is gone ! Ah, what did promise gain ?  
Doth Eve bring heart's content upon her train ?  
Night approaches. See yon lonesome star  
Shows glimmering beacon to the world afar ;  
Light upon the waters gleaming now,  
One ray of Hope moves o'er their sullen brow.  
Alas ! to me Hope's visions seem not nigh,  
Another day hath gone—and still I sigh.

1870.

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ABSENCE.

## I.

ERE the summer bloom had flown,  
Ere the trees had shed a leaf,  
Ere the wintry wind had blown,  
Ah ! then we met.  
Now the harvest fields are mown,  
Gathered the last waving sheaf ;  
Now thou hast left me alone,  
Filled with regret.

## II.

Then by the brookside we trod,  
In the sunshine's glow we strolled,  
Our feet marked the selfsame sod—  
Love walked between.  
Now hard is the frozen clod ;  
To the skies my prayers unfold,  
Leaving to favour of God  
Thy form unseen.

## III.

But why should I wish thee nigh ?  
Why is thy presence so dear ?  
Do not I feel with my cry  
Thy soul is here ?  
Dear friend, thou never canst fly  
From reach of a kindly tear ;  
The breath of a parting sigh  
Will bring thee near.

## IV.

'Mid the strange stillness of night,  
With the beams of rising morn,  
Thy spirit lingers in sight,  
Though thou hast gone.  
Joy cometh not with the light,  
I shun its gay laugh of scorn ;  
Something is lacking—a blight  
That must be borne.

## TO SPRING.

WRITTEN AFTER READING OF THE OUTBREAK OF  
REVOLUTION IN PARIS.

## I.

ONE moment snatched from all the stir of life,  
To raise a pæan to the dawn of spring,  
A song of triumph, not with clamours rife,  
A gentler note of thankfulness I bring.  
There is a charm of brightness in the plain,  
There is a solitude of rest around ;  
There seems a spirit's whisper in each strain,  
That bids us pause, enamoured of the sound.

## II.

The fever of the day at length beats low,  
Those fires whose embers light us to the grave ;  
The yearning after what we may not know,  
The wish to rise that brands the toiler slave ;  
All these have ceased : we tread a purer sphere,  
A realm of poesy, a world of love ;  
The quiet of the hill and silent mere  
Seem to reflect the eternal peace above.

## III.

Calmness within, and rage without, the sound  
Of passion, fury, turmoil, this I hear  
Come clashing on the stillness that is found  
Only in homes which England renders dear.

90     *To — on Receipt of her Portrait.*

Dear home ! that drives the furrows from knit brow,  
To raise the burden from the troubled breast,  
This is thy part—O let me linger now,  
And feel through heart and soul the joy of rest.

IV.

Peace breathes on all. Lo ! this the precious pearl  
The madness of the nations cast away ;  
Like the wild billows that in wrathful curl  
Break on the glassy stillness of a bay ;  
So will these miscreants, stained with blood of kin,  
Taste of no rest, save on dishonoured field.  
England ! I thank thee ! for I feel within  
The blessed love thy happy pastures yield.

*March, 1871.*

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TO ——— ON RECEIPT OF HER PORTRAIT.

I.

O DEAR memorial of a sunny hour !  
Be thou the emblem of true friendship's power,  
The pledge our frail mortality demands,  
Lest absence drown the voice of love's commands.

II.

Oft, when the twilight of to-day doth end  
The morrow fond desire had made her own,



Oft will the vista of its setting blend  
The past enjoyments which the hours have sown.

III.

So shall this shadow of thy silent form  
Breathe the soft charm of memory's bequest,  
And the grey autumn of lone years transform  
Into the golden time, which thou hast blest.

IV.

Then from o'erhead thy face shall lighten all,  
Lending our fancies power to recall ;  
Then shall I glance in dear delight above,  
Yet sigh to feel unworthy of thy love.

V.

Thus through the flying night and wane of day  
Regret and happiness alternate sway,  
Regrets the last to linger, yet to leave  
A heart that feels sufficient love to grieve.

*August, 1873.*



## Sonnets.

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### I.

#### THE SHADOW ON THE PATH.

HAPPY the morn which breaks upon our rest,  
Crowned by the wreath which Love's soft touch hath  
    drest ;  
Happy the morn when Nature's heart is glad,  
In the pure stillness of her beauty clad.  
Why then these tears, whose fountain wells again ?  
Whence steal these pearls which eyelids bar in vain ?  
No thought of selfish pain, of pleasure gone,  
We feel for others when ourselves are lone.  
"No more ! No more !" is wringing in my ears,  
"No more ! No more !" is beckoning to these tears ;  
A shadow crossed my path ; I felt its breath,  
Drawn as a hollow sigh whose chill was death ;  
A shadow crossed my path, and cloaked in sadness  
    went,  
And to this happy morn the peace of sorrow lent.

*Christmas Day, 1874.*

## II.

## THE COLD LOVE.

WHEN flattery's voice outpours unbidden praise,  
 Till the flushed glow of conscious pride shall raise  
 A sense of confidence, a trustful rest  
 Upon th' affections that we reverence best ;  
 When to our hopes a recompence is made,  
 Beyond for what our trembling wishes prayed ;  
 When phantom dreams that long have danced before  
 Our wistful eyes are gathered in life's store ;  
 When the clear voice of harmony doth bring  
 A thousand mem'ries on her plaintive wing,  
 Or to the gladness of the heart repeat  
 A tale of envied love, 'tis not complete !  
 O'er every brimming cup a bitterness will steal,  
 Ah ! if but *one* were here ! If *she* could only feel !

1873.

## III.

## LOST OPPORTUNITY.

GONE ! and I knew not what I had to say,  
 Shrunk in the longing look of those sad eyes.  
 Gone ! and yet lingered ere I whispered " Stay !"  
 Gone ! ere the shadow of a thought could rise.

Gone! and I wist not that it was to-day,  
 When the brief morrow too had rolled away;  
 Fled on the river of my lonely sighs.  
 A hope was lit this morn—a strange surmise,  
 That throbbed with strong desire—yet all in vain,  
 For love could find no word to tell its pain.  
 All that a yearning heart had sought to know,  
 One moment's pause has checked the ready flow;  
 All that the coward tongue had failed to tell,  
 Hushed in the silence of a life's farewell.

*October, 1873.*

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IV.

AUTUMN SONNET TO MY MOTHER.

*Autumn Comes*  
 AND ~~comest thou~~ to claim the dues of years!  
 The tribute of the leaves—the debt of tears;  
*Autumn comes*  
 And ~~comest thou~~ again, old hallowed friend!  
 Bound by the past, yet beckoning to the end,  
 Bound by the ties of life's serenest hours,  
 Bound by the sweet remembrance of dead flowers,  
 Once more to chant thy dirge, so old, so true,  
 Of little done, and fewer left to do!  
 Ah! comest thou indeed! so swift—so soon,  
 Tinged with the golden flush of summer's noon:  
 Yet on one brow thy deepening rays bestow  
 A sweeter grace than youth: a brighter glow,

Born of our first affection's holy dawn,  
Points to a home by autumn nearer drawn.  
From the fresh Spring of hope we wake to know  
That love hath had another year to flow ;  
Yet should we sigh to find <sup>so</sup> Time unfold  
The wasted moments, when our hearts seemed cold ?  
Nay ! for though Autumn comes again, 'twill rear  
The seed of deeper love—too deep to blossom here.

*November, 1873.*

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V.

COMPOSED ON BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE.

A GLOW of distance—an awakening world  
Heaving from out the mist, ere yet unfurled  
The pennons of bright morn,—a river's breast  
Blanched with the many ripples of unrest ;  
A world of silent thought,—a teeming home  
Crowned with the mystic quiet of a dome.  
London ! I greet thee, though I seek in vain  
A fellow feeling with thy crowds to gain.  
No ! yet to be alone 'mid these, and feel  
Only the breath of Heaven's light vapours steal  
The hardness from thy walls,—and in the bend  
Of bridge and shore, where Art and Nature blend,  
The poet's visionary eye may scan  
A beauty that dispels the commonplace from man.

*January, 1874.*

## VI.

## TO THE "UNRETURNING BRAVE."

(ASHANTEE WAR.)

Yours not the laurel from a grateful land !  
Yours not the passing triumph of the hour !  
Yours not the welcome from a loving hand !  
Yours not the glad return in pride and power !  
A tenderer thought is yours ! a deeper glow,  
Shed o'er the silent mysteries of doom,  
Shall gather to itself the tears of woe,  
And melt within its rays the chill of gloom.  
Spirits ! that linger on a distant shore,  
Hear ye the rolling message of the foam ?  
Where, with the Ocean murmurs of "No more !"  
Mingles your tribute of a sigh from home.  
One sigh soft stealing 'mid the loud acclaim,  
That hails your fellows in proud Honour's toil,  
Shall rear a fond memorial of each name  
Left in lone glory on an alien soil ;  
A land of darkness and of crime, yet now  
The glow that rests upon a soldier's grave  
Hallows the spot and circles o'er the brow  
Of England's dead—her "unreturning brave."

*(Macmillan.) June, 1874.*

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## VII.

THE wind has sunk to rest : still gently sway  
 The boughs in soft accord, save now and then  
 The gusts of dying whirlwinds seem to play  
 With some coy leaf that had escaped their ken.  
 The wind has sunk to rest : that spirit voice  
 Is heard no more among the forest trees,—  
 Is tamed within due bounds,—yet at her choice  
 Still free she roves—still with her wings the breeze  
 Sweeps o'er the chords that have no utterance here ;  
 The whispers of the elm—the willow's tear.  
 There is a music in the air, a song  
 Which Heav'n breathed forth and Nature's choirs pro-  
     long ;  
 By such dear strains our lonely lives are blest,  
 My heart is still—the wind has sunk to rest.

*April, 1874.*

## VIII.

## TO KEATS.

WRITTEN AT BURFORD BRIDGE, WHERE KEATS WROTE  
 “ENDYMION.”

If we might think that spirits came again  
 To some loved spot to which their life was bound,  
 Where 'mid the changing hues of Earth remain  
 Some thought eternal—some melodious sound,

Which caught the rapture of the lonely wood—  
Some tender-breathing Hope—some silent mood,—  
Sure this were thine ; and if presumption be  
To tread the selfsame paths—to feel the glow  
Of myriad blossoms bursting forth to free  
These lovely hills from blight—the heart from woe,  
Pardon the daring of these steps of mine,  
That boldly trespass among groves divine,  
Where 'mid the bloom of fondly hid retreats  
I hear the whisper of thy spirit, Keats !

*May, 1874.*

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IX.

ON MEMORY.

WRITTEN IN MAGDALEN WALK, OXFORD.

Was it the swallow that begot the thought ?  
Was it the swiftness of his sudden flight,  
That flashed upon the stream, and lightly caught  
The silver eddies o'er the pools of night ?  
There seems to rest upon the leafy glade  
The viewless presence of some fluttering soul,  
That broke the silence of its cloistered shade,  
And struck the key-note which hath charmed the  
whole.  
O'er the still softness of the vernal hour  
Hovers the spirit of creative power ;



For Memory seems to peer amid the leaves,  
Till every songster with her yearning grieves.  
There, where the waters of the mill-stream flow,  
Mingle some voices that we used to know,  
And every vista opening out to view,  
Recalls some scene that former springtimes knew,  
Knew! and have learned to treasure in the past,  
With all that ever seemed too pure to last;—  
Ah! what a flood of rapture thought may bring,  
Borne on the passage of a swallow's wing!

*June, 1874.*

X.

## SCOTLAND REVISITED.

TO A. G. H.

BROTHER ! I seem to ravel out the years,  
I seem to catch the breath of long ago,  
As in a dream wild Caledonia rears  
Her mountain passes—where we trod below ;  
And sheds the light which Freedom loves to gain ;  
On one lone heart where erst she lit the twain.  
Arthur ! thy voice is on her breeze—thy tone  
Floats on her streamlets—whilst I tread alone ;  
Calls from the sunsets of the days gone by,  
Sounds in her falls—and torrent's deep-mouthed cry.

As Scotland's tale is writ upon her streams,  
Her glens—her purpled straths,—e'en so our dreams,  
Circled within the bounds of her loved shore,  
Relume new greetings with the rays of yore.

*September, 1874.*

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XI.

TANTALLAN.

STRONGHOLD of ocean!\* shattered pride of man,  
Shadow and substance, yet how brief a span  
Rolleth between you! rock and crumbling stone  
Each realm upreared—defiant and alone.  
Sound but a trumpet! Wake again the dead!  
The plumes, the flash of steel—nay, sunset red  
Dips on the verge to cast a peaceful glow  
On broken arch and stair, o'ercome by foe  
That creeps unseen,—Time's hand has turned the page,  
Recorded, not recalled, a bygone age.  
Then rise, Romance! and bid that thief restore  
Treasure more golden than he robbed before.  
'Tis vain! though dreamy ships still sail away,  
Shunning the stern defiance of that bay,  
Now from ancestral rock the sea-fowl throned  
Mocks the gaunt ruin which a Douglas owned.

1874.

\* The Bass Rock, situated exactly opposite Tantallan Castle.

## XII.

## STRATHEARN.

THERE is a silent beauty in thy name,  
 Vale of Strathearn ! which lingers on thy brow,  
 E'en though thy native wildness should seem tame,  
 E'en though thy banks are stirred by culture now.  
 The rest of solitude is lying still,  
 Girt by the gentle links of rock and hill  
 In love-connecting chain,—there, like a child  
 Crouching beneath the Grampians lonely wild.  
 Strathearn ! the dearest memories will shine  
 Upon thy woodland dells ; whene'er 'tis mine  
 To dwell 'neath shadows or in grief—thy name  
 Shall glide with scent of heath as when we came  
 Down from thy glistening lake beside the burn,  
 Rolling repeated echoes of “ Strathearn.”

*Culdees, Perthshire, 1874.*

## XIII.

## A LETTER FROM GRASSMERE.

LED by an instinct rather than by will,  
 Lured by the smiles of woodclad vale and hill,  
 Spelled by the foam-wreathed sounding of the fall,  
 Who could have heard and not obeyed their call ?

There seemed a whisper—an autumnal sigh,  
 “Thou who wouldst know true beauty, hither fly.”  
 But hark ! another voice is on the air,  
 ’Tis fond Tradition bids me linger here ;  
 Priest of the Lakes ! that clustered silence there,  
 I felt it was thy shrine—’twas Rydal Mere.  
 Yet still another voice with softness drew  
 My wandering footsteps o’er the mountain dew,  
 Pass of sweet hopes ! Thy charmèd vale I near,  
 Nestled in perfect peace—and *she* is here.

*October, 1871.*

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XIV.

EARTHLY GREETINGS.

ONCE more I look for greetings, and I find  
 Nought but the oft-told tokens that remind  
 How frail, how brief our joys ! Once more I feel  
 The sad remembrances which years reveal.  
 The bliss of welcome lyeth in the past,  
 Then can we smile through veil by Death o’ercast ?  
 Then can we joy ? though we ourselves are left,  
 When others mourn of tenderest loves bereft.  
 Self cannot joy in self, if others weep ;  
 Some rude awakenings from this dream of sleep  
 Cross the bright gleamings of our stifled mirth,  
 And point above ;—yet still we cling to earth,  
 Where but one strain, one deepening choir around,  
 Drowns the far music of a Heav’n new found.

*December, 1871.*

## XV.

## ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE DOG.

WHEN field and grove are full of newborn hope,  
 And Earth is scented with a summer's pledge ;  
 When Spring's light foot comes dancing o'er green slope  
 To the shrill music from each quivering hedge ;  
 When all that living is hath found new breath,  
 Thy voice, dear friend, is hushed for aye in death ;  
 Friend and fond comrade of our youthful years,  
 Sharer of all their chequered smiles and tears,  
 Grown with ourselves to know what home can mean,  
 When glad return betrays how mourned unseen !  
 Gone ! and my wistful glance is backward thrown,  
 Down the long vista of twelve summers flown.  
 These can have no farewells,—though now we sigh,  
 "For Love is deathless ! Memory cannot die."

*April, 1875.*

## XVI.

## FINIS.

THESE are the echoes of the hours of peace ;  
 In them no record of still thought shall cease ;  
 They are the music of a life,—each chord  
 From the hid lute-strings of a heart hath soared.  
 Then must they die ? Not while the past is dear,  
 Not whilst I mourn the ebbing of each year,

Groping for unseen light, by Nature led  
Through wayward paths which purity has spread,  
Till at the footsteps of His vaulted throne  
I feel the presence of a God alone ;  
Whence all the loves we once had known shall turn  
To welcome Beauty in a realm eterne,  
Where the keen bitterness of loss shall lend  
A deeper joyance that will know no *end*.

*March, 1875.*

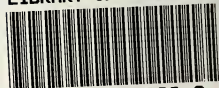








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